

The Thorfather

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Summary: A series of related one-shots/short stories describing the most vicious gangsters in the crime-ridden city of Berk. Modern AU. M for violence and language. Full summary inside.

The Thorfather

****A/N:** The basic idea behind "The Thorfather" is this - a series of related one-shots and short stories with Berk as a modern city and the characters as gangsters. The stories will involve both book and movie elements. Since this isn't a coherent "story" as much as it is a collection of related ideas, I don't plan on using a consistent update schedule for this. I will update as ideas come to me. Also, I will take requests.**

****And** because copyright stuff forces me to say so, I don't own any version of HTTYD, nor do I own any of its characters; nor do I own The Godfather series, which I parodied with the title of this "story."******

****So, enjoy! :)****

* * *

><p>"Breaking news tonight â€" the male bathroom at the car dealership was blown up earlier today, dealing massive damage to the dealership and killing two menâ€"|"<p>

I snickered and played with the phone in between my crossed legs. It was pretty awesome, really, watching the damage that me and my friends had caused. Even though there was a destroyed Lamborghini there in the rubble. I regretted that a little. But two men were killed, so it was worth it; and the ends justify the means, anyway. I looked at my phone's screen. Nothing. I sighed and looked back at the television. The news show hosts were conducting an interview with the owner of the dealership, andâ€"|

"Jessi?" my mother's voice boomed from downstairs.

"What?" I yelled in response.

"Come down here right now! I need to tell you something!"

"Okay! I'll be down there in a minute!" I slowly stood up with my phone in my hand, turned around, and walked to the door. Opening it, I walked down the hallway leading to the stairs. And there she was, standing at the end of the stairs leading to the kitchen. My mother. The mayorâ€| mayoress of Berk. Good thing, too â€" mayors had a nice paycheck, especially Berk's mayors. She was a short woman with curly red hair flowing down past her shoulders, a fat figure highlighted by the black tuxedo currently covering her, and an impossibly large bosom, even for a woman of her size. She held her hands on her hips and stared at me with her deep, brown eyes.

"What are you doing up there?" she started in a booming voice.

"Coming to see you, of course!" I replied with a voice just as loud. She raised her eyebrow at me, and I smiled inside.

"Obviously. Now listen. I'm going to be gone tonight for â€| â€| meeting with Berk's Congress. About the bombing of the car dealership. You heard about that, right?"

"Yeah. I was just watching the news about it until someone decided to call me out of my room."

She scowled at me. "Well, I'll be gone for the night. You be good, okay?"

"I will!"

"Well, good. I'll see you later tonight, then." She started walking to the kitchen.

"Okay, bye!" No answer. Of course.

I walked back into my room and smiled widely. Good. She was gone again, just as expected. Being the mayoress, she was out of the house quite often for business issues. Being the mayoress of Berk, she was out even more often than a regular mayor would be. Well, I would assume so, anyway. I have no idea. I never was the daughter of a mayor of a city not named Berk, after all. I jogged over to my dresser, opened the top drawer, and pulled out a hair loop. A green one. I frowned, put it back, and looked into my drawer. Where was the black one? Where, whereâ€| oh, there it was. Smiling triumphantly, I pulled it out and jogged over to the mirror next to my bed on the other side of my room. With my full body in sight, I took the hair loop and started weaving it through my hair. Wow, I looked like my mother. I had her red hair, although mine was straight rather than curly. I was slightly smaller than her, but I was still what some men would callâ€| ahem, "chunky." And, of course, I had my mother's chest. Me and every guy at Berk High School knew that. I narrowed my eyes at the thought. These guys would call me fat and then turn around and stare at my boobs? Pigs.

Before I knew it, I noticed that my hair was arranged into a

ponytail, just the way I like it. After noticing my hair, I pulled my phone out of my gray sweatpants pockets and looked at the screen.

A message flashed across the screen:

"U ready 2 go?"

Good. They got my message. I smiled and started typing.

"Yes. I'll be there in twenty minutes. You know the drill."

* * *

><p>I could barely make out the forms of the three womyn standing in front of me through the darkness that consumed the warehouse. All I could see was the silhouette of one womyn with curly hair towering above me, the womyn next to her wearing a beanie, and the third womyn behind them.<p>

"Did all of you destroy your phones?" I asked them.

Their voices murmured in agreement. One was deep, one was high-pitched, and the third was in between. It almost sounded like a choir.

"You all brought gloves?"

Another chorus of murmurs.

"Good," I started. "Now, football game tomorrow. Don't forget about that." The outlines of their heads nodded. "But for today, just business as usual. Any of you not have a weapon right now?"

I saw a hand go up behind the medium-height girl. Sighing, I walked to the trunk of the black jeep behind me, took the knife from my pocket, and cut a giant hole into the floor. I felt around, and my fingers slid against cold metal. Smiling, I picked it up and looked at it. A pistol.

An M9, to be exact. It was a nice pistol â€" polished and silver and it worked well. But it was just a pistol. I shrugged. Her fault for not bringing a weapon of her own. I walked back to the trio of womyn and held out the pistol.

"Here you go, whichever one of you needs it." A hand reached out, snatched it from me, and went back to the trio of womyn in front of me.

"Thanks."

"No problem," I responded. I walked back to the back of the Jeep and felt around the floor again. This time, my fingers met plastic. I grinned and pulled out my mask. It was a really nice mask, and my identity during my "business." On one half of the face, it was black, and the mouth frowned. On the other half, it was white, and the mouth was smiling. I strapped the mask on and put my black hoodie up, and my hands went back into the floor to search again.

"You ready to go?"

I continued searching until my hands met wood. I pulled the weapon out.

"Camicazi?"

I pumped the shotgun, walked over to them, and grinned at them through my mask.

"Let's do this."

* * *

><p>We snuck next to a dumpster in an alley in downtown Berk, far from the warehouse where we met. Buildings towered above the four of us, almost touching the thick layer of clouds that covered the moon. The street lights in front of us illuminated the road and revealed a series of run-down buildings lined up on the other side of the street. At the end of the line of buildings was a pizzeria. It was the exact opposite of the buildings on each side of it â€" it was in perfect shape, and its lights helped illuminate the sidewalk in front of it. I looked through the window. No one was inside. I pulled out my black gloves from my pocket and slipped them on.<p>

The tall girl next to me started to sneak closer to the street. She wore a form-fitting outfit and a large mask that resembled a nun. How womyn could deal with form-fitting clothes, I had no idea.

"Should we go?" The womyn asked me. "There's probably some guy in there who's just waiting for his ass to getâ€|" I pulled her back angrily.

"No!" I whispered fiercely, glaring at first. "First time here?"

She froze for a second, then nodded sheepishly.

"I thought so," I continued. "Well, let me give you your first lesson. That pizzeria? Never fuck with it. It's run by the Hooligans, and the Hooligans are the biggest crime joint in the city. They even kicked out the fucking Mafia!" I paused for a second to let that sink in. "And we're on pretty good terms with them right now. But if we attack them, no doubt they'll fuck us up. Even with our masks, they'll find out who we are somehow; and we'll be on bad terms with them, and that can't happen. So, no attacking the pizzeria. Got it?"

She nodded again.

"Good. Let's get back to business." We waited for a minute. Nothing. The tall girl next to me started to fidget.

"Stop that!" She stopped. She was definitely new. It usually took a while to find someone during these runs, because people in Berk weren't stupid. Well, too stupid, anyway. Most people didn't walk through Berk at night, and for good reason, too. There were always poor people desperate enough to beat the shit out of someone and rob them. The Meathead and Outcast gangs had designated "muggers". The Hooligans also mugged people occasionally, although they favored burning the property that the person owned if that person got on the Hooligans' bad side. And apparently, the cops found a body, completely disemboweled and removed of its limbs, in the dumpster a

few days ago.

Suddenly, I heard footsteps. They were barely audible, but still present. I glanced around at the girls next to me. One of them, wearing a hockey mask and a black beanie, held a silver pistol in her hands. The girl next to her held her AK47 close to her chest. The tall girl closest to me bared her fists, which were equipped with brass knuckles. I smiled and picked up my own shotgun. It was jet black, with a short barrel and a folded stock.

The footsteps became more audible, and they were heavy and quick. I nodded to the girl with the pistol, and she stepped out from behind the dumpster. Me and the other two girl snuck out and watched. She pinned herself to the wall at the edge of the corner leading to the sidewalk. We waited for a second; and a man, looking our way, appeared from behind the corner. Before he could do anything, however, the girl hiding at the edge grabbed him, turned him around, covered his mouth, and held the pistol to his temple. The man struggled, but to no avail. I grinned. Womyn really could be stronger than men.

I backed up, and the two womyn next to me backed up in tandem. I gestured the girl to throw the man behind the dumpster, and she did. He fell to the concrete ground with a thump. He was a small man wearing saggy jeans and a tight T-shirt. I couldn't see what color his hair was, considering there was none. I looked into his eyes and snickered. He was trying to look tough, but the fear in his eyes gave his nervousness away. I would bet my favorite rifle that he was a member of the Meatheads. Laughing uproariously inside, I pumped my shotgun and aimed it at his face.

"Well, hello there," I began in a mocking voice. He stared down the barrel, and the fear in his eyes spread all over his body as he began to shiver and curl up into a ball. I frowned and pushed the shotgun forward, hitting his face with the barrel.

"I said, hello there!"

He covered his nose with his hands, although no blood came out.

"H-hello, Camicazi," he stuttered through his hands. I laughed out loud. He was even trying to sound tough, but it failed miserably.

"How was your day?"

"Good. I," he froze "I, uh, went out, um, sold some speedâ€¦ you know I'm a Hooligan, right?" He moved his hands off of his face and revealed a crooked smile.

"Bullshit," I snarled. "I know the Hooligans, and you ain't one of them." His eyes grew wide. I cackled. "Though you do remind me of one of them. The only man in this world I like." I paused for a second. "I'll tell you what. I'llâ€¦"

"You'll set me free?" He asked, hope in his voice. I shook my head, and he frowned.

"No, you're a dead man, no matter what. But, I'll cut you a deal.

Have you ever grabbed a womyn's breast before?"

His face lit up slightly, and he shook his head.

"Well," I shrugged. "I guess I'll let you have that opportunity tonight," I inched closer. "Go ahead." I gestured my head toward my chest. He moved forward a little and extended his hand toward my breasts. His hand crawled closer, and closer, and closerâ€¦

I smiled and pulled the trigger.

His hand jerked back and fell to the ground, limp. A small wave of blood crashed into me, splashing my hoodie and staining my mask. Once the initial wave of blood had hit me, I looked down at the body. And his head was completely gone. In its place was a red stump sitting in a corner completely covered with blood and chunks. The top of his shirt was soaked, and the blood ran down to his midriff. Blood stains marked his jeans, as well. The side of the dumpster was coated with red.

"Damn," I heard a voice mutter behind me. "That was cold."

"Eye for an eye," I mumbled back. Quickly, I dropped to my knees, put down the shotgun, and put my hand in his pocket. I felt something small; and I gripped my hand around it and pulled it out. A wallet. Good. I picked up my shotgun and turned around.

"Let's go."

* * *

><p>I woke up the next day in a cheerful mood. Yesterday was a complete success for us. Me and the others were \$2,500 richer, and another guy was off of the planet. I ran downstairs to the kitchen for my usual morning meal â€" Lucky Charms with skim milk. Couldn't beat that. However, right as I reached the kitchen, I met the massive form of my mom starting at me, her arms crossed.<p>

"Did you hear?"

I froze. "Aboutâ€¦"

"The suicide last night."

I looked at her incredulously. "Suicide?"

"Yeah. Apparently, there was a guy found dead near the pizzeria. His body was found in the corner near a dumpster, and his head was gone! It was a mess." She walked toward the fridge and opened the door. "Police say it was a suicide."

"Suicide?"

She looked at me irritably. "Yes, dear. It was a suicide."

I stared at her for a second. "Well, what about the shotgun? You know, the one that he used to kill himself?"

She shrugged. "They say a local gang member took it."

I simply stood there, taking everything in. Suddenly, my face lit up. "Well, thanks for the heads-up!" I ran back upstairs. She said something as I ran up, but I didn't hear the words. All I could hear were my thoughts. The police said it was a suicide. Mayoress Bertha was agreeing.

The smile on my face grew from ear to ear.

End
file.